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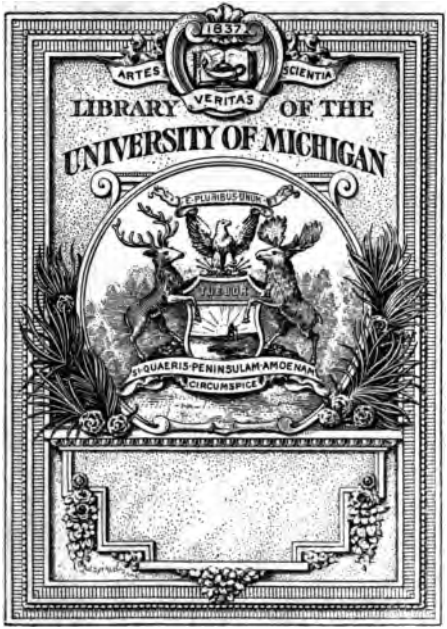
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A. 1. 4.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

MILTON.

VOLUME II.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

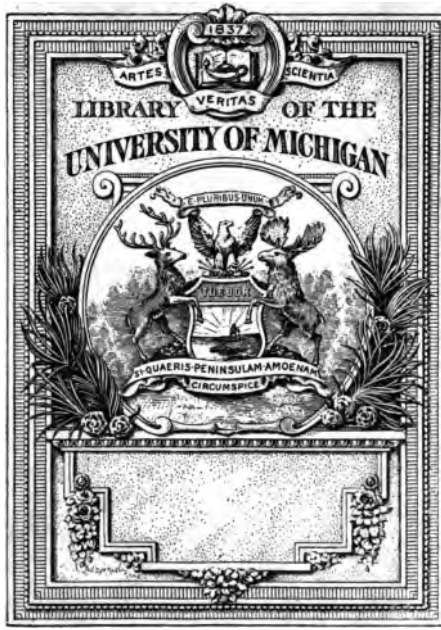
THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compaſs'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, enters into the Serpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each laboring apart: Adam conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent ſpeak, aſks how he attain'd to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the Serpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe pleas'd with the taſte deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs eats alſo of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance and accuſation of one another.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or Angel gueſt
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And diſobedience: on the part of Heaven
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe purſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd,
Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's ſon;
If anſwerable ſtile I can obtain
Of my celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd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When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compaſſing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the ſun deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguiſh driven,
The ſpace of ſev'n continued nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times croſs'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traverſing each colúre;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coaſt averſe
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though ſin, not time, firſt wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a fountain by the tree of life;
In with the river ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan involv'd in riſing miſt, then ſought
Where to lie hid; ſea he had ſearch'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
Weſt from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd

With narrow ſearch, and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles, and found
The Serpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtlety
Proceeding, which in other beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of Gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is center, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centring receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life

Of

Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me', as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heaven
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty ſtil'd, ſix nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng

Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapor glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the high'eſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of Deity aſpir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on itſelf recoils;

Let

Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the graſſy herb
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of morn.
Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew

The

The hands diſpatch of two gard'ning ſo wide.
And Eve firſt to her huſband thus began.
Adam, well may we labor ſtill to dreſs
This garden, ſtill to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleaſant taſk injoin'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
Or bear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent;
Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The claſping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder ſpring of roſes intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redreſs till noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our taſk we chooſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild anſwer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might beſt fulfil the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us, nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found

In

In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles, for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
Theſe paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us: but if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our feälty from God, or to diſturb

Conjugal

Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee be'ing, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonor lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt indures.
To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord,
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel over-heard,
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of evening flowers.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be ſhaken or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breaſt,
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:

Not

Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itſelf, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though' in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonor foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation: thou thyſelf with ſcorn
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Subtle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels; nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Acceſs in every virtue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd
Would utmoſt vigor raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chooſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue try'd?
So ſpake domeſtic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Leſs attributed to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell

In

In narrow circuit ſtraiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defenſe, wherever met,
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonor on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe, find peace within,
Favor from Heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unaſſay'd
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy ſtate
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.
Frail is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
O Woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much leſs Man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reaſon, is free, and reaſon he made right,

But

But bid her well be ware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the will
To do what God expreſly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love injoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not: trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy, approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all,
For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.

With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect

A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport,
Though not as ſhe with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſued
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet flow'rs and ſhades
Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn the Fiend,

Mere

Mere ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendence or plantation for delight:
By fountain or by ſhady rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate, he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes bluſhing round
About her glow'd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd; them ſhe upſtays
Gently with myrtle band, mindleſs the while
Herſelf, though faireſt unſupported flower,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd
Of ſtateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes' ſon,
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king

Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with nymphlike ſtep fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the Serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of geſture or leaſt action overaw'd
His malice, and with rapin ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the Evil-one abſtracted ſtood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts,

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying; other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her huſband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mold,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhow of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold a ſurging maze, his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs

Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape
And lovely; never ſince of ſerpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a ſhip by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye; ſhe buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field,
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe tro
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, ſovran Miſtreſs, if perhaps

Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate, I thus ſingle, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty' adore
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee'? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be ſeen
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd?
The firſt at leaſt of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate ſound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reas'on, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice indued;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,

How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight:
Say, for ſuch wonder claimes attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair world, reſplendent Eve,
Eaſy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obey'd:
I was at firſt as other beaſts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor ought but food diſcern'd
Or ſex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far diſtant to behold
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colors mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unſuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfy the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Pow'rful perſuaders, quicken'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keen.
About the moſſy trunk I wound me ſoon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach or Adam's: Round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire

Longing

Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not, for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward pow'rs, and ſpeech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Conſider'd all things viſible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, univerſal Dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly Snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd:
But ſay, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us, in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow up to their proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad.
Empreſs, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Faſt by a fountain, one ſmall thicket paſt
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
Lead then, ſaid Eve. He leading ſwiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spi'rit attends,
Hovering and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.
So gliſter'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to' exceſs,
The credit of whoſe virtue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that command

Sole

Sole daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to ourſelves, our reaſon is our law.
To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the fruit
Of all theſe garden trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve yet ſinleſs. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidſt
The garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die. [bold
She ſcarce had ſaid, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with ſhow of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Floriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So ſtanding, moving, or to highth up grown,
The Tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving Plant,
Mother of ſcience, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways

Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to Man, which to the Beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worſhippers; he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye ſhall be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.

So

So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wiſh'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I queſtion it, for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offenſe, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavory of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,

Solicited

Solicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.

What

What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing through all her works gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taſte, nought elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fancy'd ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating death: Satiate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.
O ſovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſt
To ſapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden eaſe
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;

Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God hath ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

I could

I could indure, without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd,
But firſt low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſcientiał ſap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labors crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the faltring meaſure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That morn when firſt they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he muſt paſs, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit, that downy ſmil'd,
New gather'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted; in her face excuſe
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſs'd.
Haſt thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſs'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear:

This

This tree is not as we are told, a tree
Of danger taſted, nor to' evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch; the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Indued with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine eyes,
Dim erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leſt, thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtory told;
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve

Down

Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale, till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n? ſome curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.
So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and after thoughts diſturb'd
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,

Had it been only coveting to eye
That ſacred fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it under ban to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taſte;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified ſo high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependent made; ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labor loſe,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the Adverſary
Triumph and ſay; Fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favors; who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,

Certain

Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death or ought than death more dread
Shall ſeparate us, link'd in love ſo dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair fruit,
Whoſe virtue (for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion) hath preſented
This happy trial of thy love, which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee, rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,

So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taſte ſo divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath touch'd my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had ſo ennobled, as of choice to' incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompenſe (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompenſe beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupled not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal ſin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſociety, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth: but that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,

Carnal

Carnal deſire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning ſavor we apply,
And palate call judicious; I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their ſpi'rits had play'd, and inmoſt pow
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dream
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their mi
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,
And honor from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong
Herculean Samſon from the harlot-lap
Of Philiſtéan Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength. They deſtitute and bare
Of all their virtue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute,
Till Adam, though not leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrai

O Eve, in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
Falſe in our promis'd riſing; ſince our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev'il, good loſt, and evil got,

Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo' oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods impenetrable
To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: Cover me, ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen;
Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, ſhame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood; there ſoon they choſe
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known

In Malabar or Decan ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: Thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waſte, vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the trees on iles and woody ſhores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind,
They ſat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping over ſovran reaſon clam'd
Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,

Speech

Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadſt hearken'd to my words, and ſtay'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee: we had then
Remain'd ſtill happy; not as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to' approve
The faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere!
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps? hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to' have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facil then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee, but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtruſting
Lets her will rule; reſtraint ſhe will not brook,
And left to' herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.

Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian Angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the tranſgreſſors, who deſcends and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death ſitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of Satan in this new world, and the ſin by Man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their ſire up to the place of Man: To make the way eaſier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan firſt made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his ſucceſs returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt Man; inſtead of applauſe is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transform'd with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhew of the forbidden tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his Angels to make ſeveral alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then to evade the curſe likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her ſeed ſhould be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended [illegible], *by repentance* and ſupplication.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEAN while the hainous and deſpiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradiſe, and how
He in the ſerpent had perverted Eve,
Her huſband ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can 'ſcape the eye
Of God all-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
Omniſcient? who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with ſtrength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe or ſeeming friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to' have ſtill remember'd
The high injunction not to taſte that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they leſs?) the penalty,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle Fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, diſpleas'd

All

All were who heard; dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous plea their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt high
Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud,
Amidſt in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Aſſembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmay'd,
Nor troubled at theſe tidings from the earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this tempter croſs'd the gulf from Hell.
I told you then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad errand, Man ſhould be ſeduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But fall'n he is, and now
What reſts, but that the mortal ſentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, death denounc'd that day?
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroke; but ſoon ſhall find

Forbearance

Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bounty ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Eaſy it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with juſtice, ſending thee
Man's friend, his mediator, his deſign'd
Both ranſome and redeemer voluntary,
And deſtin'd Man himſelf to judge Man fall'n.
  So ſpake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full
Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.
  Father eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'ſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors, but thou know'ſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on me muſt light,
When time ſhall be, for ſo I undertook
Before thee'; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd, yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with mercy', as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfy'd, and thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Thoſe two; the third beſt abſent is condemn'd,

Convict

Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the ſerpent none belongs.
Thus ſaying, from his radiant ſeat he roſe
Of high collateral glory': him Thrones and Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations miniſtrant
Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and interceſſor both
To ſentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unſought:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though firſt
To' offend, diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſcompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,

And

And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faultring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus Adam ſore beſet reply'd.
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my judge, either to undergo
Myſelf the total crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint; but ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Left on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill,
And what ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the ſovran Preſence thus reply'd.
Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice, or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God ſet thee' above her made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
Were ſuch as under government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to Eve in few.
Say Woman, what is this which thou haſt done?
To whom ſad Eve with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd.
The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (ſince he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,

Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the Serpent thus his curſe let fall.
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattel, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the Woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed;
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave
Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the Woman thus his ſentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou' haſt hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake; thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;

Thorns alſo' and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground was taken, know thy birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.
So judg'd he Man, both judge and ſaviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume,
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As father of his family he clad
Their nakedneſs with ſkins of beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the ſnake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the ſkins
Of beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſs'd with Man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Mean while, ere thus was ſinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell ſat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame

Far into Chaos, ſince the Fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connatural force
Pow'rful at greateſt diſtance to unite
With ſecret amity things of like kind
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou my ſhade
Inſeparable muſt with me along:
For Death from Sin no pow'r can ſeparate.
But left the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal hoſt,
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn

By this new-felt attraction and inſtinct.
Whom thus the meager Shadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go whither fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee; I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavor of Death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So ſaying, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battel, to a field,
Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living carcaſſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So ſcented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from ſo far.
Then both from out Hell gates into the waſte
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverſe, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or ſlimy, as in raging ſea
Toſt up and down, together crouded drove
From each ſide ſhoaling tow'ards the mouth of Hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverſe
Upon the Cronian ſea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petſora eaſtward, to the rich

Cathaian

Cathaian coaſt. The aggregated ſoil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident ſmote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floting once; the reſt his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with Aſphaltic ſlime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They faſten'd, and the mole immenſe wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceleſs world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſy, inoffenſive down to Hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the ſea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his way, Europe with Aſia join'd,
And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyſs, following the track
Of Satan to the ſelf-ſame place where he
Firſt lighted from his wing, and landed ſafe
From out of Chaos, to the outſide bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all faſt, too faſt they made
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The confines met of empyréan Heaven
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell

With long reach interpos'd; three ſeveral ways
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had deſcry'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending, when behold
Satan in likeneſs of an Angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion ſteering
His zenith, while the ſun in Aries roſe:
Diſguis'd he came, but thoſe his children dear
Their parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He after Eve ſeduc'd, unminded ſlunk
Into the wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
To' obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her huſband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſt, return'd
By night, and liſt'ning where the hapleſs pair
Sat in their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which underſtood
Not inſtant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he adm[illegible]ood, till Sin, his fair

Inchanting

Inchanting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.
O Parent, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no ſooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a ſecret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion ſweet,
That thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtrait I felt
Though diſtant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I muſt after thee with this thy ſon,
Such fatal conſequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obſcure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyſs.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue' hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wiſdom gain'd
With odds what war hath loſt, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou ſhalt monarch reign,
There didſt not; there let him ſtill victor ſway,
As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.

Whom

Whom thus the Prince of darkneſs anſwer'd gla
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagoniſt of Heav'n's almighty king)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that ſo near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of eaſy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through darkneſs, on your road with eaſe
To my aſſociate Pow'rs, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among theſe numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell and reign in bliſs, thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, ſole lord of all declar'd,
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend you, and create
Plenipotent on earth of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go and be ſtrong.
So ſaying he diſmiſs'd them; they with ſpeed
Their courſe through thickeſt conſtellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blaſted ſtars look'd wan

And planets, planet-ſtruck, real eclipſe
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The cauſey to Hell gate; on either ſide
Diſparted Chaos over built exclam'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the bars aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the reſt were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud ſeat
Of Lucifer, ſo by alluſion call'd
Of that bright ſtar to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council ſat, ſolicitous what chance
Might intercept their emp'ror ſent; ſo he
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the Tartar from his Ruſſian foe
By Aſtracan over the ſnowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkiſh creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Caſbeen: So theſe the late
Heav'n-baniſh'd hoſt, left deſert utmoſt Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the ſearch
Of foreign worlds; he through the midſt unmark'd,
In ſhow plebeian Angel militant

Of loweſt order, paſs'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſat, and round about him ſaw unſeen:
At laſt as from a cloud his fulgent head
And ſhape ſtar-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter: All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aſpect, and whom they wiſh'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclame:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not only' of right,
I call you and declare you now, return'd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead you forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now poſſeſs,
As Lords, a ſpacious world, to' our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyſs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their ſecrets fiercely' oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproar
Proteſting fate ſupreme; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of abſolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happy: Him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to' increaſe
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and ſo to us,
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, me alſo he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute ſerpent in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His ſeed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A world who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,

But

But up and enter now into full bliſs?
So having ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leiſure, wond'ring at himſelf now more;
His viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſinn'd
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all as acceſſories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters head and tail,
Scorpion, and Aſp, and Amphiſbæna dire,
Ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipſas (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the ile
Ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on ſlime,
Huge Python, and his pow'r no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all

Him

Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious chief:
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd
Of ugly ſerpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or ſhame;
Yet parch'd with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;

This

This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they' aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd: ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion, not as Man [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd,
Yearly injoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for man ſeduc'd.
However ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchaſe got,
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom Sin thus began.
Second of Satan ſprung, all conqu'ring Death,
What think'ſt thou of our empire now, though earn'd

With

With travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at Hell's dark threſhold to' have ſat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd.
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed firſt, on each beaſt next, and fiſh, and fowl,
No homely morſels; and whatever thing
The ſithe of Time mowes down, devour unſpar'd;
Till I in Man reſiding through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent ſeat the Saints among,
To thoſe bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.
See with what heat theſe dogs of Hell advance
To waſte and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly' of Man
Let in theſe waſteful furies, who impute
Folly to me, ſo doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with ſo much eaſe

I [illegible] to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To [illegible] my scornful enemies,
[illegible] rough, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels gave them several charge
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,

As

As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the ſouth to bring
Solſtitial ſummer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they preſcrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aſpects
In ſextile, ſquare, and trine, and oppoſit
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In ſynod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhower,
Which of them riſing with the ſun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: To the winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, air, and ſhore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aereal hall.
Some ſay he bid his angels turn aſcanſe
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the ſun's axle, they with labor puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe: Some ſay the ſun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus with the ſeven
Atlantic Siſters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of ſeaſons to each clime; elſe had the ſpring
Perpetual ſmil'd on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted ſhone, while the low ſun

Whom thus the Prince of darkn
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and
High proof ye now have giv'n
Of Satan, (for I glory in the
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near
Triumphal with triumphal act have
Mine with this glorious work, and
Hell and this world, one realm, o
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore
Defcend through darkness, on your
To my affociate Pow'rs, them to
With these succeffes, and with them
You two this way, among these numb
All yours, right down to Paradife defc
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declin'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lafti
My fubftitutes I fend you, and create
Plenipotent on earth of matchless might
Iffuing from me: on your joint
My hold of this new kingdom all
Through Sin to Death expos'd b
If your joint pow'r prevail, th'
No detriment need fear; go and
So saying he dismiss'd them; they
Their course through thickest constel
Spreading their ban

Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him paſſing. Theſe were from without
The growing miſeries which Adam ſaw
Already' in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow' abandon'd, but worſe felt within,
And in a troubled ſea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburden ſought with ſad complaint.
O miſerable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of bleſſed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural center light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man, did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy juſtice ſeems; yet to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But natural neceſſity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy puniſhment then juſtly is at his will.
Be it ſo, for I ſubmit; his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree

Fix'd

Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die,
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpi'rit of Man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, Man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite

In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenseless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: Fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring

Of

Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus Adam to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholeſome and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd
The day of his offenſe. Why comes not death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? ſhall truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice divine not haſten to be juſt?
But death comes not at call, juſtice divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocs, dales and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong.

Whom

Whom thus afflicted when ſad Eve beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my ſight, thou Serpent; that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and color ſerpentine, may ſhow
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the Dev'il himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the ſerpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults,
And underſtood not all was but a ſhow
Rather than ſolid virtue', all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt Heaven
With Spirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once

With

With Men as Angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? this miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe, or, if ſhe love, withheld
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary', his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam: witneſs Heaven
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?

While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable; both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only', I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, juſt object of his ire.
She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration; ſoon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwary', and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If prayers

Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiven,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our ſhare of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the ſole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are riſen,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at laſt; and miſerable it is

To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this curſed world a woful race,
That after wretched life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foul a monſter; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remain: ſo Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread;
Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear from both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death, or, he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves:
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhow no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?
  She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd

To

To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Higheſt
To make death in us live: Then let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the ſerpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on ourſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd as thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
Shall 'ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we

Inſtead

Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt ourſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavors only
Rancor and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I muſt earn
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
My labor will ſuſtain me; and leſt cold
Or heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail, and ſnow?
Which now the ſky with various face begins
To ſhow us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of thoſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh

Our

Our limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with winds rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favor, grace, and mercy ſhone?

So ſpake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God preſents to his Father the prayers of our firſt parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they muſt no longer abide in Paradiſe; ſends Michael with a band of Cherubim to diſpoſſeſs them; but firſt to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam ſhows to Eve certain ominous ſigns; he diſcerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but ſubmits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, ſets before him in viſion what ſhall happen till the flood.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying, for from the mercy-ſeat above
Prevenient grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spi'rit of prayer
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Than loudeſt oratory: yet their port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, leſs ancient yet than theſe,
Deucalion and chaſte Pyrrha, to reſtore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
Of Themis ſtood devout. To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.
See, Father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung

From thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene,
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off

As

As a diſtemper, groſs to air as groſs,
And mortal food, as may diſpoſe him beſt
For diſſolution wrought by ſin, that firſt
Diſtemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firſt with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happineſs
And immortality: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; ſo death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to ſecond life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to ſynod all the Bleſt [hide
Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they ſaw,
And in their ſtate, though firm, ſtood more confirm'd.
-He ended, and the Son gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb ſince perhaps
When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
To ſound at general doom. Th' angelic blaſt
Fill'd all the regions: from their bliſsful bowers
Of amarantin ſhade, fountain or ſpring,
By the waters of life, where'er they ſat
In fellowſhips of joy, the ſons of light
Haſted, reſorting to the ſummons high,
And took their ſeats; till from his throne ſupreme

Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his ſovran will.
O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended fruit; but let him boaſt
His knowledge of good loſt, and evil got,
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by itſelf, and evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, left the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion, ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet left they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoften'd and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,

Diſmiſs

Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To Adam what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee inlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the eaſt ſide of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden eaſieſt climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a ſword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the tree of life:
Leſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n fruit Man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' archangelic Pow'r prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their ſhape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than thoſe
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouſe,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To reſalute the world with ſacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalm'd
The earth, when Adam and firſt matron Eve
Had ended now their oriſons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
Eve, eaſily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n deſcends;

But that from us ought ſhould aſcend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bleſt, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will prayer
Or one ſhort ſigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the ſeat of God. For ſince I ſought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appeaſe,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; perſuaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
Home to my breaſt, and to my memory
His promiſe, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus Eve with ſad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt, and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I, who firſt brought death on all, am grac'd
The ſource of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' intitle me vouchſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving. But the field
To labor calls us now with ſweat impos'd,

Though

Though after ſleepleſs night; for ſee the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling; let us forth,
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſome in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.

So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled Eve, but fate
Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd
On bird, beaſt, air, air ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of morn; nigh in her ſight
The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
Firſt hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus ſpake.

O Eve, ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in nature ſhows,
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight
Of flight purſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,

One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the eaſt
Darkneſs ere day's mid-courſe, and morning light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And flow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who to ſurpriſe
One man, aſſaſſin like, had levied war,
War unproclam'd. The princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand there left his Pow'rs to ſeiſe
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determin, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly hoſt, and by his gait
None of the meaneſt, ſome great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch majeſty

Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible
That I ſhould fear, nor ſociably mild,
As Raphael, that I ſhould much confide,
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His ſtarry helm unbuckled ſhow'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſt'ring zodiac hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
Adam, Heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeiſure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious clame;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of Death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpit of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave you names,
Who now ſhall rear you to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet, from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy huſband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoil.

Adam

Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſpi'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words addreſs'd.
Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the high'eſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above princes, gently haſt thou told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow and dejection and deſpair
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But pray'r againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:

So

So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums and fruits and flowers:
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or foot-ſtep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'ſt Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this rock only'; his omnipreſence fills
Land, ſea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital ſeat, from whence had ſpread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this præeminence thou' haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy ſons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round

With

With goodneſs and paternal love, his face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track divine.
Which that thou may'ſt believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhow thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd indure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below, while thou to foreſight wak'ſt;
As once thou ſlept'ſt, while ſhe to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe Guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me', and to the hand of Heav'n ſubmit,
However chaſt'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labor won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the viſions of God: It was a hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'er that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the Tempter ſet

Our ſecond Adam in the wilderneſs,
To ſhew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtin'd walls
Of Cambalu, ſeat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Cherſoneſe, or where
The Perſian in Ecbatan ſat, or ſince
In Hiſpahan, or where the Ruſſian Kſar
In Moſco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmoſt port
Ercoco, and the leſs maritim kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fartheſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almanſor, Fez and Suz,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremiſen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſpi'rit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler ſights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,

Which

Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to th' inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That Adam now enforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his ſpirits become intranc'd;
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd, the other part ſheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midſt an altar as the land-mark ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord; thither anon
A ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next
More meek came with the firſtlings of his flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
[illegible]nwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering ſoon propitious fire from Heaven
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteam;

The other's not, for his was not ſincere;
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was Adam in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' Angel cry'd.
O Teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt and gore. To which our ſire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michaël. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By fire, flood, famin, by intemp'rance more

In

In meats and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
A lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtin ſtone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs;
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miſerable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given

To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſs'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not man,
Retaining ſtill divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image ſake exempt?
  Their Maker's image, anſwer'd Michael, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilify'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of Eve.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Diſfiguring not God's likeneſs, but their own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac'd,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
  I yield it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
  There is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence

Due

Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'ſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgo,
To what thou haſt; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of life. To whom our anceſtor.
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this cumbrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michaël reply'd.
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
He look'd, and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of cattel grazing; others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords was ſeen; his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions low and high

Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two maſſy clods of ir'on and braſs
Had melted, (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To ſome cave's mouth, or whether waſh'd by ſtream
From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own tools; then, what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil or grav'n in metal. After theſe,
But on the hither ſide, a different ſort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their ſeat,
Down to the plain deſcended: by their guiſe
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dreſs; to th' harp they ſung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;
And now of love they treat, till th' evening ſtar,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage rites invok'd:
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.

Such

Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flowers,
And charming ſymphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam ſoon inclin'd t'admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus expreſs'd.
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than thoſe two paſt;
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe,
Here nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Thoſe tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear
Of arts that poliſh life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring ſhall beget;
For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honor and chief praiſe;
Bred only and completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetite, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To theſe that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
Religious titled them the ſons of God,

Shall

Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
Erelong to ſwim at large; and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears muſt weep.
To whom thus Adam of ſhort joy bereft.
O pity! and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the ſame, from Woman to begin.
From Man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
Said th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place
By wiſdom and ſuperior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another ſcene.
He look'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourſe in arms, fierce faces threatning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold empriſe;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming ſteed,
Single or in array of battel rang'd
Both horſe and foot, nor idly muſt'ring ſtood;
One way a band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tornеament the ſquadrons join;

Where

Where cattel paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes and arms th' inſanguin'd field
Deſerted: Others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, ſtones and ſulphurous fire;
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition, till at laſt
Of middle age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right and wrong,
Of juſtice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſword-law
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that juſt man, whom had not Heaven
Reſcued, had in his righteouſneſs been loſt?

To

To whom thus Michael. Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themſelves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
Such were theſe giants, men of high renown;
For in thoſe days might only ſhall be' admir'd,
And valor and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battel, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtil'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and ſons of Gods,
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
Thus fame ſhall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But he the ſev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The only righteous in a world perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With foes for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: him the moſt High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged ſteeds
Did, as thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs,
Exempt from death; to ſhow thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes and ſoon behold.

He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd;

The

The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where paſſing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend ſire among them came,
And of their doings great diſlike declar'd
And teſtify'd againſt their ways; he oft
Frequented their aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs or feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd, and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons
With their four wives; and God made faſt the door.
Meanwhile the ſouth-wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the hills to their ſupply
Vapor, and exhalation duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd ſky

Like

Like a dark cieling ſtood; down ruſh'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was ſeen; the floting veſſel ſwum
Uplifted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; ſea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled; of mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.
How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and ſorrow' a flood thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy ſons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.
O viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be ſure,

Which

Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion than in ſubſtance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
Famin and anguiſh will at laſt conſume
Wand'ring that watry deſert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs than war to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfold, celeſtial Guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and inſlav'd by war,
Shall with their freedom loſt all virtue loſe
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of battel found no aid
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth ſhall practice how to live ſecure,

Worldly

Worldly or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only ſon of light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal wrack.
No ſooner he with them of man and beaſt
Seleƈt for life ſhall in the ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataraƈts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the earth ſhall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,

Down

Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root an iland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear ſun on his wide watry glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had ſtopt
His ſluces, as the Heav'n his windows ſhut.
The ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating ſea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient ſire deſcends with all his train;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous with three lifted colors gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, heav'nly Inſtructor, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that man ſhall live
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe color'd ſtreaks in Heaven
Diſtended as the brow of God appeas'd,
Or ſerve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve and ſhow'r the earth?
To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet, thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy

The

The earth again by flood, nor let the ſea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt
Shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman ſhall be, which was promiſed Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; the ſtate of the church till his ſecond coming. Adam greatly ſatisfied and recomforted by theſe relations and promiſes deſcends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had ſlept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietneſs of mind and ſubmiſſion. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery ſword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their ſtations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here th' Arch-Angel paus'd
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.
Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin and end;
And man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee, but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,

Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule: till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men not beaſts ſhall be his game)
With war and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he ſhall be ſtil'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of Heaven,
Or from Heav'n claming ſecond ſovranty;
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of brick, and of that ſtuff they caſt to build
A city' and tow'r, whoſe top may reach to Heaven;
And get themſelves a name, leſt far diſpers'd
In foreign lands their memory be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their city, ere the tower

Obſtruct

Obſtruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſpi'rit to raſe
Quite out their native language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heaven
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.
Whereto thus Adam fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable ſon ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl,
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this uſurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails groſs,
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue

Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapſe, true liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy pow'rs to reign
Over free reaſon, God in judgment juſt
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly inthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny muſt be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: Witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark, who for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of ſervants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to ſelect

From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide Euphrates yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in wood and ſtone
For Gods! yet him God the moſt High vouchſafes
To call by viſion from his father's houſe,
His kindred and falſe Gods, into a land
Which he will ſhew him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation, and upon him ſhower
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſt; he ſtrait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native ſoil
Ur of Chaldæa, paſſing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the deſert ſouth,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon eaſt to the great weſtern ſea;

Mount

Mount Hermon, yonder ſea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted ſtream
Jordan, true limit eaſtward; but his ſons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his ſeed be bleſs'd; by that ſeed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſt,
Whom faithful Abraham due time ſhall call,
A ſon, and of his ſon a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown;
The grand-child with twelve ſons increas'd departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſev'n mouths
Into the ſea: to ſojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger ſon
In time of dearth, a ſon whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suſpected to a ſequent king, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably', and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and Aaron) ſent from God to clame
His people from inthralment, they return

With

With glory and ſpoil back to their promis'd land.
But firſt the lawleſs tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd by ſigns and judgments dire;
To blood unſhed the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His cattel muſt of rot and murren die;
Botches and blains muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' Egyptian ſky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt with one midnight ſtroke all the firſt-born
Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two cryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcu'd gain their ſhore:
Such wondrous pow'r God to his ſaint will lend,
Though preſent in his Angel, who ſhall go

Before

Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
On their imbattel'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the ſhore advance
Through the wild deſert, not the readieſt way,
Leſt entring on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, chooſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untrain'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderneſs, there they ſhall found
Their government, and their great ſenate chooſe
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets ſound,
Ordain them laws; part ſuch as appertain
To civil juſtice, part religious rites

Of

Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadows, of that deſtin'd Seed to bruiſe
The Serpent, by what means he ſhall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beſeech
That Moſes might report to them his will,
And terror ceaſe; he grants what they beſought
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without mediator, whoſe high office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Meſſi'ah ſhall ſing. Thus laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark his teſtimony,
The records of his covenant, over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Sev'n lamps as in a zodiac repreſenting
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his ſeed: the reſt
Were long to tell, how many battels fought,

How

How many kings deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the ſun ſhall in mid Heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and night's due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon ſtand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Iſrael overcome; ſo call the third
From Abraham, ſon of Iſaac, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall Canaan win.
  Here Adam interpos'd. O ſent from Heaven,
Inlightner of my darkneſs, gracious things
Thou haſt reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
Juſt Abraham and his ſeed: now firſt I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all nations ſhall be bleſt,
Favor unmerited by me, who ſought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and ſo various laws are given:
So many laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them; how can God with ſuch reſide?
  To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that ſin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt law to fight: that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,

The

The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious muſt be paid for man,
Juſt for unjuſt, that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards God, and peace
Of conſcience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy types to truth, from fleſh to ſpirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore, ſhall not Moſes, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the miniſter
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joſhua whom the Gentiles Jeſus call,
His name and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd
Long time ſhall dwell and proſper, but when ſins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies:
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By judges firſt, then under kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for piety renown'd

And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever ſhall indure; the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, that of the royal ſtock
Of David (ſo I name this king) ſhall riſe
A ſon, the woman's ſeed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom ſhall truſt
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The laſt, for of his reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue,
And his next ſon, for wealth and wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, ſhall in a glorious temple' inſhrine.
Such follow him as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcroll,
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,
Their city', his temple, and his holy ark
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud city, whoſe high walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſev'nty years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercy, and his covenant ſworn
To David, ſtabliſh'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edify, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown

In

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavor peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the temple' itſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The ſcepter, and regard not David's ſons,
Then loſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed king Meſſiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a ſtar
Unſeen before in Heav'n proclaimes him come,
And guides the eaſtern ſages, who inquire
His place, to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn Angel tells
To ſimple ſhepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a quire
Of ſquadron'd Angels hear his carol ſung.
A virgin is his mother, but his ſire
The pow'r of the moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.
He ceas'd, diſcerning Adam with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.
O prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteddieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain;
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son

Of God moſt High; ſo God with Man unites.
Needs muſt the Serpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain: ſay where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy; nor ſo is overcome
Satan, whoſe fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy ſeed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death,
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high juſtice reſt appaid.
The law of God exact he ſhall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy puniſhment
He ſhall indure by coming in the fleſh
To a reproachful life and curſed death,
Proclaming life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To ſave them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seis'd

Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A ſhameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the croſs
By his own nation, ſlain for bringing life;
But to the croſs he nails thy enemies,
The law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly truſt
In this his ſatisfaction; ſo he dies,
But ſoon revives; death over him no power
Shall long uſurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the ſtars of morn ſhall ſee him riſe
Out of his grave, freſh as the dawning light,
Thy ranſom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhouldſt have dy'd,
In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of Satan, cruſh his ſtrength,
Defeating ſin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings
Than temp'ral death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
To his diſciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his ſalvation, them who ſhall believe

Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach; for from that day
Not only to the ſons of Abraham's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd, but to the ſons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſt.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So ſpake th' Arch-Angel Michaël, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our ſire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd.

O Goodneſs infinite, Goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful

Than

Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring,
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt perſecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall them with wondrous gifts indue
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,

As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Their miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrin and their ſtory written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the ſacred myſteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditions taint,
Left only in thoſe written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit underſtood.
Then ſhall they ſeek to' avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles, and with theſe to join
Secular pow'r; though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe

On

On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpi'rit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpecious forms
Religion ſatisfied; truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid
The Woman's Seed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.
He ended; and thus Adam laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient world, the race of time,
Till time ſtand fix'd? beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,

And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for truth's ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſt.
To whom thus alſo th' Angel laſt reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſdom; hope no high'er, though all the ſtars
Thou knew'ſt by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All ſecrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or ſea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dſt,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect

Their

Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpi'rits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
(For by the Woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though ſad
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more chear'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended, and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.
Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo' in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow' and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on,
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,

Such

Such favor I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.
So ſpake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air aduſt,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chooſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

THE END OF PARADISE LOST.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K I.

I Who ere while the happy garden ſung,
By one man's diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waſte wilderneſs.
Thou Spi'rit who ledſt this glorious eremite
Into the deſert, his victorious field,
Againſt the ſpiritual foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted ſong elſe mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds
With proſp'rous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.
Now had the great Proclamer, with a voice
More awful than the ſound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptis'd: to his great baptiſm flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came

From

From Nazareth the ſon of Joſeph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obſcure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptis'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a dove
The Spi'rit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adverſary, who, roving ſtill
About the world, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To council ſummons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks aghaſt and ſad he thus beſpake.
O ancient Pow'rs of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conqueſt, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This univerſe we have poſſeſs'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facil conſort Eve
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince

With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the ſeed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſs'd, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's ſeed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to atchieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclame
His coming, is ſent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honor as their king; all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The teſtimony' of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her cryſtal doors, thence on his head

A perfect dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the ſov'ran voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His mother then is mortal, but his ſire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven,
And what will he not do to' advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we muſt learn, for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven ſnares,
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and ſupreme on earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found proſp'rous once
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs.
He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpris'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize

To

To him their great dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleaſant realm and province wide.
So to the coaſt of Jordan he directs
His eaſy ſteps, girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his reign on earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counſel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel ſmiling ſpake.
Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verify that ſolemn meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that ſhe ſhould bear a ſon
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her doubting how theſe things could be
To her a virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the pow'r of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
To ſhow him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expoſe

To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtlety, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apoſtaſy; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in Job,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a man
Of female ſeed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſolicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt
By fallacy ſurpris'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the wilderneſs,
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and ſtrong ſufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanic ſtrength,
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn ſalvation for the ſons of men.
  So ſpake th' eternal Father; and all Heaven
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into hymns
Burſt forth, and in celeſtial meaſures mov'd,
Circling the throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.
So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set

Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that ere yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great feaſt
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my ſpi'rit aſpir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue Iſrael from the Roman yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſuaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring ſoul
Not wilfully miſ-doing, but unware
Miſled; the ſtubborn only to ſubdue.
Theſe growing thoughts my mother ſoon perceiving
By words at times caſt forth inly rejoic'd,
And ſaid to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nouriſh them and let them ſoar
To what highth ſacred virtue and true worth
Can raiſe [illegible] though above example high;

By

By matchleſs deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know, thou art no ſon of mortal man;
Though men eſteem thee low of parentage,
Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
A meſſenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin, he foretold
Thou ſhouldſt be great, and ſit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there ſhould be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem ſung
To ſhepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Meſſiah now was born
Where they might ſee him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'ſt,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A ſtar, not ſeen before, in Heav'n appearing
Guided the wiſe men thither from the eaſt,
To honor thee with incenſe, myrrh, and gold,
By whoſe bright courſe led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy ſtar new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew the king of Iſrael born.
Juſt Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By viſion, found thee in the temple', and ſpake
Before the altar and the veſted prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.
This having heard, ſtrait I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our ſcribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake

I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay ev'n to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclam'd
Me him (for it was ſhown him ſo from Heaven)
Me him whoſe harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spi'rit deſcended on me like a dove,
And laſt, the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;

For

For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So ſpake our Morning ſtar then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs deſert, duſk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human ſteps untrod;
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come
Lodg'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such ſolitude before choiceſt ſociety.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery ſerpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs

In

In troop or caravan? for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcaſs, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
I aſk the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honor'd ſo, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wild, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame alſo finds us out.
To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I ſeek.
By miracle he may, reply'd the ſwain,
What other way I ſee not, for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee bread,
So ſhalt thou ſave thyſelf and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte.
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in bread? is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
Moſes was forty days, nor eat nor drank;

And

And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waſte; the ſame I now:
Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undiſ-guis'd.
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt
Kept not my happy ſtation, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep,
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigor unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous priſon I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heavens
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the ſons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do: though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.

What

What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe regions of the world,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and woe.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs?) that man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.
To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd.
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had ſat

Among

Among the prime in ſplendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhunn'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the hoſt of Heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſs'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who aſk'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly giv'n the nations up

To thy deluſions; juſtly ſince they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels preſident
In every province? who themſelves diſdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning paraſite, obey'ſt;
Then to thyſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth foretold.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and ſacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elſewhere,
At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.
So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembled, and this anſwer ſmooth return'd.
Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath wreſted from me: where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,
And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;

If

If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lie,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs indure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'ſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as ſylvan pipe or ſong;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair to' attain.
Thy father, who is holy, wiſe, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous prieſt
To tread his ſacred courts, and miniſter
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchſaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.
  To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.
  He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The deſert; fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the mount, and miſſing long;
And the great Thiſbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young prophets then with care
Sought loſt Elijah, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd

On this ſide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom ſhall to Iſrael be reſtor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Iſraël,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppreſs
Thy choſen, to what highth their pow'r unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee; ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and ſhown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;

Let

Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence;
Soon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought:
But to his mother Mary, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from baptiſm, not her ſon,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breaſt though calm, her breaſt though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honor high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute
Hail highly favor'd, among women bleſt!
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a ſhed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a ſtable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet ſoon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With infant blood the ſtreets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any king; but now

Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptiſt, and in public ſhown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for ſome great change; to honor? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in Iſraël, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very ſoul
A ſword ſhall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things
And ſay'ings laid up, portending ſtrange events.
Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her ſalutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her ſon tracing the deſert wild,
Sole but with holieſt meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſ[illegible] at once
All his great w[illegible]

How

How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on earth, and miſſion high:
For Satan with ſly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council ſat;
There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and theſe mild ſeats
Without new trouble; ſuch an enemy
Is riſen to invade us, who no leſs
Threatens than our expulſion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, taſted him, but find
Far other labor to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam firſt of Men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother's ſide at leaſt,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with Eve in Paradiſe
Deceive you to perſuaſion over-ſure

Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel to aſſiſt; left I, who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
So ſpake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamor was aſſur'd their utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe
Belial, the diſſoluteſt Spi'rit that fell,
The ſenſualleſt, and after Aſmodai
The fleſhlieſt Incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each region paſſing fair
As the noon ſky; more like to Goddeſſes
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in amorous arts, inchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.
To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.

Belial,

Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thyſelf; becauſe of old
Thou thyſelf doat'dſt on womankind, admiring
Their ſhape, their color, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the flood thou with thy luſty crew,
Falſe titled ſons of God, roaming the earth
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'ſt,
In wood or grove by moſſy fountain ſide,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Caliſto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'ſt thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the ſons of men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly overpaſs'd;
How he ſurnam'd of Africa diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond

Higher deſign than to enjoy his ſtate;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of fond deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, ſo fables tell;
How would one look from his majeſtic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride dejected,
Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty ſtands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſh'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhow
Of worth, of honor, glory', and popular praiſe;
Rocks whereon greateſt men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderneſs;

The

The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No' advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclame;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of Spirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active ſcene
Of various perſons, each to know his part;
Then to the deſert takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hungring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.
Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that faſt
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if nature need not,
Or God ſupport nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
Can ſatisfy that need ſome other way,
Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of famin fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungring more to do my Father's will.
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh

Of

Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreſhment ſweet;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith ſtood,
And ſaw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn, [brought:
Though ravenous, taught t' abſtain from what they
He ſaw the prophet alſo how he fled
Into the deſert, and how there he ſlept
Under a juniper; then how awak'd
He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his ſong:
As lightly from his graſſy couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the proſpect round,
If cottage were in view, ſheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or ſheep-cote, none he ſaw,
Only' in a bottom ſaw a pleaſant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade

High

High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midſt a woody ſcene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd (nature taught art)
And to a ſuperſtitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood
Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in city', or court, or palace bred,
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide
Of all things deſtitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this wilderneſs;
The fugitive bond-woman with her ſon
Out-caſt Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of Iſrael here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna; and that Prophet bold
Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.
To whom thus Jeſus. What conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, as I thou ſeeſt have none.
How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
Tell me if food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that

Cauſe

Cauſe thy refuſal? ſaid the ſubtle Fiend.
Haſt thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To idols, thoſe young Daniel could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſs'd? Behold
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,
Troubled that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord
With honor, only deign to ſit and eat.
He ſpake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A table richly ſpread, in regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavor, beaſts of chaſe, or fowl of game,
In paſtry built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-ſteam'd; all fiſh from ſea or ſhore,
Freſhet, or purling brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coaſt.
Alas how ſimple, to theſe cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a ſtately ſide-board by the wine
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue

Than

Than Ganymed or Hylas; diſtant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Heſperides, that ſeem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled ſince
Of faery damſels met in foreſt wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentleſt gale Arabian odors fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and Flora's earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are Spi'rits of air, and woods, and ſpringe,
Thy gentle miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd.
Said'ſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?

I can

I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts, but guiles.
To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have alſo pow'r to give, thou ſeeſt;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fet ſpoil. With that
Both table and proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' impórtune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his temptation purſu'd.
By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe;

Thou

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtraits at home
Loſt in a deſert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence authority deriv'ſt?
What followers, what retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Money brings honor, friends, conqueſt, and realms:
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his ſon Herod plac'd on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get riches firſt, get wealth, and treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valor, wiſdom, ſit in want.

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth diſſolv'd:
But men endued with theſe have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the ſhepherd lad,
Whoſe offspring on the throne of Judah ſat
So many ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in Iſrael without end.

Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praiſe.
What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in ſhow, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men, or headſtrong multitudes,
Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
Or lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.

But

But to guide nations in the way of truth
By ſaving doctrin, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a ſcepter, oftest better miſs'd.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God, and Satan ſtood
A while as mute confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his ſerpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.
I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conſult,
Thy counſel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, thoſe oraculous gems
On Aaron's breaſt; or tongue of ſeers old
Infallible: or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy ſkill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battel, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe God-like virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obſcure

In ſavage wilderneſs? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected ſpi'rits, moſt temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the ſon
Of Macedonian Philip had ere theſe
Won Aſia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his diſpoſe; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triúmph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
  To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For empire's ſake, nor empire to affect
For glory's ſake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol [praiſe?
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the
They praiſe, and they admire they know not what,

And

And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes: thus he did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember,
He aſk'd thee, Haſt thou ſeen my ſervant Job?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove,
And all the floriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,

Worſhipt

Worſhipt with temple, prieſt, and ſacrifice;
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'ror Death diſcover them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with ſaintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honor patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truth's ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,
Ought ſuffer'd; if young African for fame
His waſted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain men ſeek,
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me', and thereby witneſs whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not ſo ſlight of glory; therein leaſt
Reſembling thy great Father: he ſeeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven

By

By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wiſe or unwiſe, no difference, no exemption;
Above all ſacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiſcuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reaſon; ſince his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to ſhow forth his goodneſs, and impart
His good communicable to every ſoul
Freely; of whom what could he leſs expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is thanks,
The ſlighteſt, eaſieſt, readieſt recompenſe
From them who could return him nothing elſe,
And not returning that would likelieſt render
Contempt inſtead, diſhonor, obloquy?
Hard recompenſe, unſuitable return
For ſo much good, ſo much beneficence.
But why ſhould man ſeek glory, who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy', and ſhame?
Who for ſo many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and falſe,
And ſo of all true good himſelf deſpoil'd,
Yet, ſacrilegious, to himſelf would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet ſo much bounty is in God, ſuch grace,

That

That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himſelf to glory will advance.
So ſpake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to anſwer, but ſtood ſtruck
With guilt of his own ſin, for he himſelf
Inſatiable of glory had loſt all,
Yet of another plea bethought him ſoon.
Of glory, as thou wilt, ſaid he, ſo deem,
Worth or not worth the ſeeking, let it paſs:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's ſide thy father; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms:
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate ſway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the deſert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king ſo oft prevail'd,
That by ſtrong hand his family obtain'd,
Though prieſts, the crown, and David's throne uſurp'd,
With Modin and her ſuburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not ſlow;

But

But on occaſion's forelock watchful wait.
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt,
Zeal of thy father's houſe, duty to free
Thy country from her Heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fulfil, beſt verify
The prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs reign;
The happier reign the ſooner it begins;
Reign then; what canſt thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd.
All things are beſt fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'ſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterpriſe ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent

At home, ſcarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jeruſalem, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence couldſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt inſight
In all things that to greateſt actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking aſſes found a kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyſelf ſo apt, in regal arts,
And regal myſteries, that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.

With that (ſuch pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other ſtrait, and left between
Fair champain with leſs rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the ſea:
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt monarchs, and ſo large

The proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caſpian lake, thence on
As far as Indus eaſt, Euphrates weſt,
And oft beyond; to ſouth the Perſian bay,
And inacceſſible th' Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that firſt golden monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of Salmanaſſar, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's houſe
Led captive, and Jeruſalem laid waſte,
Till Cyrus ſet them free; Perſepolis
His city there thou ſeeſt, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Suſa by Choaſpes, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Niſibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Cteſiphon,

Turning

Turning with eaſy eye thou may'ſt behold.
All theſe the Parthian, now ſome ages paſt,
By great Arſaces led, who founded firſt
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
In Cteſiphon hath gather'd all his hoſt
Againſt the Scythian, whoſe incurſions wild
Have waſted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what martial equipage
They iſſue forth, ſteel bows and ſhafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in purſuit;
All horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel;
See how in warlike muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachoſia, from Candaor eaſt,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucaſus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the ſouth
Of Suſiana, to Balſara's haven.

He ſaw them in their forms of battle rang'd.
How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhow'rs againſt the face
Of their purſuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron caſt a gleaming brown;
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight,
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers
A multitude with ſpades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Beſieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city' of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The faireſt of her ſex Angelica
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and ſo numerous was their chivalry;
At ſight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.
That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and ſhown

All

All this fair ſight: thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endevor, as thy father David did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of David's throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſit,
Samaritan or Jew; how could'ſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch incloſing enemies
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the Parthian firſt
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the Parthian at diſpoſe;
Chooſe which thou wilt, by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtall thee
In David's royal ſeat, his true ſucceſſor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, thoſe ten tribes
Whoſe offspring in his territory yet ſerve,
In Habor, and among the Medes diſpers'd;
Ten ſons of Jacob, two of Joſeph loſt
Thus long from Iſrael, ſerving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt ſerv'd,

This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæſar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd.
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragil arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou' haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plauſible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I muſt uſe, thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come:
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part ought endevoring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of war there ſhown me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My brethren, as thou call'ſt them, thoſe ten tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full ſcepter ſway
To juſt extent over all Iſrael's ſons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Iſrael, or for David, or his throne,

When

When thou ſtood'ſt up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Iſrael, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand Iſraelites
By three days peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To Iſrael then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Aſhtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their forefathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by circumciſion vain,
And God with idols in their worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow'; and to their Gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Remembring Abraham, by ſome wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th' Aſſyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte,

As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
So ſpake Iſrael's true king, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So farts it when with truth falſhood contends.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on Eve,
So little here, nay loſt; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſalve his credit, and for very ſpite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet muſt is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhameful ſilence brought,

Yet

Yet gives not o'er though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the ſouthern ſea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth and ſeats of men
From cold Septentrion blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an imperial city ſtood,
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On ſev'n ſmall hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the highth of mountains interpos'd:
By what ſtrange parallax or optic ſkill
Of viſion multiply'd through air, or glaſs
Of teleſcope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.
The city which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compaſs huge, and high
The ſtructure, ſkill of nobleſt architects,

With

With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring ſpires.
Many a fair edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of God, (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My aery microſcope) thou may'ſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or entring in,
Prætors, proconſuls to their provinces
Haſting, or on return, in robes of ſtate;
Lictors and rods, the enſigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horſe and wings:
Or embaſſies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, ſome from fartheſt ſouth,
Syene', and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to weſt,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor ſea;
From th' Aſian kings and Parthian among theſe,
From India and the golden Cherſoneſe,
And utmoſt Indian ile Taprobané,
Duſk faces with white ſilken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the Britiſh weſt,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whoſe wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,

Civility

Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the Parthian; theſe two thrones except,
The reſt are barb'rous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
Theſe having ſhown thee, I have ſhown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'ror hath no ſon, and now is old,
Old and laſcivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ an iland ſmall but ſtrong
On the Campanian ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favorite
All public cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this monſter from his throne
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the high'eſt, without the high'eſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.
  To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtic ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,

Much

Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On citron tables or Atlantic ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Cryſtal and myrrhine cups imboſs'd with gems
And ſtuds of pearl, to me ſhould'ſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then embaſſies thou ſhow'ſt
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th' emperor, how eaſily ſubdued,
How gloriouſly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormenter conſcience find him out;
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal, who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapin; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph, that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their ſports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily ſcene effeminate.

What

What wiſe and valiant man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degenerate, by themſelves inſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On David's throne, it ſhall be like a tree
Spreading and overſhadowing all the earth,
Or as a ſtone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All monarchies beſides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.
To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.
I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valueſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict:
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?
Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter

Th'

Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I indure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd;
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the king of kings,
God over all ſupreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the Fiend with fear abaſh'd reply'd.
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
Though ſons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,

God

God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honor left and more eſteem;
Me nought advantag'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee; gain them as thou canſt, or not.
And thou thyſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When ſlipping from thy mother's eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the temple; there waſt found
Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting Moſes' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood ſhows the man,
As morning ſhows the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moſes' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles alſo know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?

How

How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Their idoliſms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.
Look once more ere we leave this ſpecular mount
Weſtward, much nearer by ſouthweſt, behold
Where on the Ægean ſhore a city ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet receſs.
City' or ſuburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the ſummer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the ſound
Of bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there Iliſſus rolls
His whiſp'ring ſtream: within the walls then view
The ſchools of ancient ſages; his who bred
Great Alexander to ſubdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There ſhalt thou hear and learn the ſecret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind Meleſigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whoſe poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers beſt

Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief ſententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arſenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To ſage Philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of Socrates; ſee there his tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſued forth
Mellifluous ſtreams, that water'd all the ſchools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the ſect
Epicurean, and the Stoic ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyſelf, much more with empire join'd.
To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd:
Think not but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrin needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

The

The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads

Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elſewhere ſeek?)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains,
Deep vers'd in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As children gathering pebbles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With muſic or with poem, where ſo ſoon
As in our native language can I find
That ſolace? All our law and ſtory ſtrow'd
With hymns, our pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew ſongs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd ſo well our victors ear, declare
That rather Greece from us theſe arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In fable, hymn, or ſong, ſo perſonating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove their ſwelling epithets thick laid
As varniſh on a harlot's cheek, the reſt,
Thin ſown with ought of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's ſongs, to all true taſtes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee,
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of nature not in all quite loſt.

Their

Their orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of eloquence, ſtatiſts indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of civil government
In their majeſtic unaffected ſtile
Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a nation happy', and keeps it ſo,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
Theſe only with our law beſt form a king.
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.
Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleaſes thee, nor ought
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory', or fame,
What doſt thou in this world? The wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,

Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the ſtars
Voluminous, or ſingle characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows, and labors, oppoſition, hate
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the ſtarry rubric ſet.
So ſay'ing he took (for ſtill he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in louring night
Her ſhadowy offspring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried ſore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head,
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce ran with lightning mix'd, water with fire

In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtood'ſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtay'd the terror there;
Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satſt unappall'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly ſpectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the ſun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The prince of darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,

Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpite to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a ſunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape,
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid.
  Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and ſky would mingle; but myſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholeſome, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignify and threaten ill:
This tempeſt at this deſert moſt was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of fate, purſue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,

Thou

Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclam'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
Ere thou of Iſrael's ſcepter get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a ſure fore-going ſign.
So talk'd he while the Son of God went on
And ſtay'd not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.
Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors, which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threatning nigh; what they can do as ſigns
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious Spi'rit, and wouldſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.
To whom the Fiend now ſwoln with rage reply'd.
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold

By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the firſt I knew,
And of th' angelic ſong in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born.
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe;
The Son of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or compoſition, truce, or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee

Proof

Proof againſt all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a center, firm,
To th' utmoſt of mere man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
Another method I muſt now begin.
So ſay'ing he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air ſublime
Over the wilderneſs and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jeruſalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaſter, topt with golden ſpires:
There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God, and added thus in ſcorn.
There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright,
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee', and higheſt plac'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhow thy progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thyſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They ſhall up lift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.
To whom thus Jeſus; Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he ſaid, and ſtood:
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell.

As when earth's ſon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in Iraſſa ſtrove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd, and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his victor fall.
And as that Theban monſter that propos'd
Her riddle', and him who ſolv'd it not, devour'd,
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpite
Caſt herſelf headlong from th' Iſmenian ſteep;
So ſtruck with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtrait a fiery globe
Of Angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſy ſtation, and upbore
As on a floting couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpread
A table of celeſtial food, divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,

Or

Or thirſt; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the boſom of bliſs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inſhrin'd
In fleſhly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with God-like force indued
Againſt th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from Heaven caſt
With all his army, now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradiſe;
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For Adam and his choſen ſons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtall
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal ſtar
Or lightning thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound,

By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold it in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chace thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of ſwine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail, Son of the moſt high, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heavenly feaſt refreſh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his mother's houſe private return'd.

END OF PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PLANS

OF

PARADISE LOST,

IN THE

FORM of a TRAGEDY.

FROM

MILTON's MANUSCRIPT.

From MILTON's Manuſcript.

The Perſons.	The Perſons.
Michael	Moſes
Heavenly Love	Divine Juſtice, Mercy, Wiſdom, Heavenly Love
Chorus of Angels	Heſperus the Evening Star
Lucifer	Chorus of Angels
Adam, Eve } with the Serpent	Lucifer
Conſcience	Adam
Death	Eve
Labor, Sickneſs, Diſcontent, Ignorance, with others } Mutes	Conſcience
Faith	Labor, Sickneſs, Diſcontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death } Mutes
Hope	Faith
Charity.	Hope
	Charity.

Other Tragedies.

ADAM in BANISHMENT.
The FLOOD.
ABRAM in EGYPT.

PARADISE LOST.

The Perſons.

Moſes προλογίζει, recounting how he aſſum'd his true body; that it corrupts not, becauſe of his [abode] with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Eliah; beſides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preſerve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the ſight of God; tells they cannot ſee Adam in the ſtate of innocence by reaſon of their ſin.

Juſtice, Mercy, Wiſdom } debating what ſhould become of Man, if he fall.

Chorus of Angels ſing a hymn of the creation.

Act II.

Heavenly Love.

Evening Star.

Chorus ſing the marriage ſong, and deſcribe Paradiſe.

Act III.

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

Act IV.

Adam, Eve } fallen.

Conſcience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam hath loſt.

Act V.

Act V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradiſe:
Preſented by an Angel with
Labor, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famin, Peſtilence, Sickneſs, Diſcontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death enter'd into the world, } Mutes,
to whom he gives their names: likewiſe Winter, Heat, Tempeſt, &c.

Faith
Hope
Charity } Comfort him and inſtruct him.

Chorus briefly concludes.

The Deluge. Sodom.

Dinah. Vide Euſeb. Præparat. Evang. L. 9. C. 22.

The Perſons.

Dinah.	Hamor.
Debora, Rebecca's nurſe.	Sichem.
Jacob.	Counſellors 2.
Simeon.	Nuncius.
Levi.	Chorus.

Thamar Cuophoruſa; where Juda is found to have been the author of that crime, which he condemn'd in Thamar. Thamar excuſed in what ſhe attempted.

The Golden Calf, or the Maſſacre in Horeb.

The Quails, Num. 11.

The Murmurers, Num. 14.

Corah, Dathan, &c. Num. 16, 17.

Moabitides, Num. 25.

Achan, Joſue 7 and 8.

Joſuah in Gibeon, Joſh. 10.

Gideon Idoloclaſtes, Jud. 6, 7.

Gideon purſuing, Jud. 8.

Abimelech the Uſurper, Jud. 9.

Samſon purſophorus, or Hybriſtes, or Samſon marrying or in Ramath Lechi, Jud. 15.

Dagonalia, Jud. 16.

Comazontes, or the Benjaminites, or the Rioters, Jud. 19, 20, 21.

Theriſtria, a paſtoral out of Ruth.

Eliadæ, Hophni and Phinehas, Sam. 1, 2, 3, 4, beginning with the firſt overthrow of Iſrael by the Philiſtins, interlac'd with Samuel's viſion concerning Eli's family.

Jonathan reſcued, 1 Sam. 14.

Doeg ſlandering, 1 Sam. 22.

The ſheepſhearers in Carmel, a paſtoral, 1 Sam. 25.

Saul in Gilboa, 1 Sam. 28, 31.

David revolted, 1 Sam. from the 27 c. to the 31.

David adulterous, 2 Sam. c. 11, 12.

Tamar, 2 Sam. 13.

Achitophel, 2 Sam. 15, 16, 17, 18.

Adoniah, 1 Reg. 2.

Solomon Gynæcocratumenus, or Idolomargus, aut Thyſiazuſæ. Reg. 1. 11.

Rehoboam, 1 Reg. 12. where is diſputed of a politic religion.

Abias

Abias Therſæus, 1 Reg. 14. The queen, after much diſpute, as the laſt refuge ſent to the prophet Ahias of Shilo; receives the meſſage. The Epitaſis in that ſhe hearing the child ſhall die as ſhe comes home, refuſes to return, thinking thereby to elude the oracle. The former part is ſpent in bringing the ſick prince forth as it were deſirous to ſhift his chamber and couch as dying men uſe, his father telling him what ſacrifice he had ſent for his health to Bethel and Dan; his fearleſneſs of death, and putting his father in mind to ſet [ſend] to Ahiah. The Chorus of the elders of Iſrael, bemoaning his virtues bereft them, and at another time wondring why Jeroboam being bad himſelf ſhould ſo grieve for his ſon that was good, *&c.*

Imbres, or the Showers, 1 Reg. 18, 19.

Naboth *συκοφαντούμενος*, 1 Reg. 21.

Ahab, 1 Reg. 22. beginning at the ſynod of falſe prophets; ending with relation of Ahab's death; his body brought; Zedekiah ſlain by Ahab's friends for his ſeducing. (See Lavater, 2 Chron. 18.)

Elias in the mount, 2 Reg. 1. Ὀρειβάτης, or better, Elias Polemiſtes.

Eliſæus Hudrocoos, 2 Reg. 3. Hudrophantes, Aquator.

Eliſæus Adorodocétas.

Eliſæus Menutes, ſive in Dothaimis, 2 Reg. 6.

Samaria Liberata, 2 Reg. 7.

Achabæi Cunoborœmeni, 2 Reg. 9. The ſcene Jeſrael: beginning from the watchman's diſcovery of Jehu till he go out: in the mean while, meſſage of

things paſſing brought to Jezebel, &c. Laſtly the 70 heads of Ahab's ſons brought in, and meſſage brought of Ahaziah's brethren ſlain on the way, c. 10.

Jehu Belicola, 2 Reg. 10.

Athaliah, 2 Reg. 11.

Amaziah Doryalotus, 2 Reg. 14. 2 Chron. 25.

Hezechias πολιορκέμενος, 2 Reg. 18, 19. Heſechia beſieg'd. The wicked hypocriſy of Shebna, ſpoken of in the 11, or thereabout of Iſaiah, and the commendation of Eliakim will afford ἀφορμὰς λόγου, together with a faction, that ſought help from Egypt.

Joſiah Αἰαζόμενος, 2 Reg. 23.

Zedechiah πειρίζων, 2 Reg. but the ſtory is larger in Jeremiah.

Solymων Haloſis; which may begin from a meſſage brought to the city, of the judgment upon Zedechiah and his children in Ribla, and ſo ſeconded with the burning and deſtruction of city and temple by Nebuzaradan; lamented by Jeremiah.

Aſa or Æthiopes. 2 Chron. 14. with the depoſing his Mother, and burning her idol.

The three Children, Dan. 3.

Britiſh Trag.

1. The cloiſter king Conſtans ſet up by Vortiger.
2. Vortiger poiſon'd by Roena.
3. Vortiger immur'd.

The three following were added afterwards in the margin.

Venutius huſband to Cartiſmandua.

Vortiger

Vortiger marrying Roena. See Speed. reprov'd by Vordin archbiſhop of London. Speed.

The maſſacre of the Britons by Hengiſt in their cups at Saliſbury plain. Malmeſbury.

4. Sigher of the Eaſt Saxons revolted from the faith, and reclam'd by Jarumang.

5. Ethelbert of the Eaſt Angles ſlain by Offa the Mercian. See Holinſh. L. 6. c. 5. Speed in the Life of Offa and Ethelbert.

6. Sebert ſlain by Penda after he had left his king. See Holinſhed, p. 116.

7. Wulfer ſlaying his two ſons, for being Chriſtians.

8. Oſbert of Northumberland ſlain for raviſhing the wife of Bernbocard, and the Danes brought in. See Stow. Holinſh. L. 6. c. 12. and eſpecially Speed, L. 8. c. 2.

9. Edmund laſt king of the Eaſt Angles martyr'd by Hinguar the Dane. See Speed, L. 8. c. 2.

10. Sigebert tyrant of the Weſt-Saxons ſlain by a Swineherd.

11. Edmund brother of Athelſtan ſlain by a thief at his own table. Malmeſ.

12. Edwin, ſon to Edward the younger, for luſt depriv'd of his kingdom, or rather by faction of Monks, whom he hated; together with the impoſtor Dunſtan.

13. Edward ſon of Edgar murder'd by his ſtepmother. To which may be inſerted the tragedy ſtirr'd up betwixt the Monks and Prieſts about marriage.

14. Ethelred, ſon of Edgar, a ſlothful king, the ruin of his land by the Danes.

15. Ceaulin, king of Weſt-Saxons, for tyranny depos'd, and baniſh'd, and dying.

16. The ſlaughter of the Monks of Bangor by Edelfride ſtirr'd up, as is ſaid, by Ethelbert, and he by Auſtin the Monk, becauſe the Britons would not receive the rites of the Roman Church. See Bede, Geffrey Monmouth, and Holinſhed, p. 104, which muſt begin with the convocation of Britiſh Clergy by Auſtin to determin ſuperfluous points, which by them was refuſed.

17. Edwin by viſion promis'd the kingdom of Northumberland on promiſe of his converſion, and therein eſtabliſh'd by Rodoald king of Eaſt-Angles.

18. Oſwin king of Deira ſlain by Oſwie, his friend, king of Bernitia, through inſtigation of flatterers. See Holinſhed, p. 115.

19. Sigibert of the Eaſt-Angles keeping company with a perſon excommunicated, ſlain by the ſame man in his houſe, according as the biſhop Cedda had foretold.

20. Egfride king of the Northumbers ſlain in battel againſt the Picts, having before waſted Ireland, and made war for no reaſon on men that ever lov'd the Engliſh; forewarn'd alſo by Cuthbert not to fight with the Picts.

21. Kinewulf, King of Weſt-Saxons, ſlain by Kineard in the houſe of one of his concubines.

22. Gunthildis, the Daniſh lady, with her huſband Palingus, and her ſon, ſlain by appointment of the *traitor* Edrick in king Ethelred's days. Holinſhed, L. 7.

L. 7. c. 5. together with the maſſacre of the Danes at Oxford. Speed.

23. Brightrick of Weſt-Saxons poiſon'd by his wife Ethelburge Offa's daughter, who dies miſerably alſo in beggary after adultery in a nunnery. Speed in Bithrick.

24. Alfred in diſguiſe of a miniſtrel diſcovers the Danes negligence, ſets on with a mighty ſlaughter; about the ſame time the Devonſhire men rout Hubba and ſlay him.

A Heroical poem may be founded ſomewhere in Alfred's reign, eſpecially at his iſſuing out of Edelingſey on the Danes, whoſe actions are well like thoſe of Ulyſſes.

25. Athelſtan expoſing his brother Edwin to the ſea, and repenting.

26. Edgar ſlaying Ethelwold for falſe play in wooing, wherein may be ſet out his pride, luſt, which he thought to cloſe by favoring Monks and building Monaſteries: alſo the diſpoſition of woman in Elfrida towards her huſband.

27. Swane beſieging London, and Ethelred repuls'd by the Londoners.

28. Harold ſlain in battel by William the Norman. The firſt ſcene may begin with the ghoſt of Alfred, the ſecond ſon of Ethelred, ſlain in cruel manner by Godwin Harold's father, his mother and brother diſſuading him.

29. Edmond Ironſide defeating the Danes at Brentford, with his combat with Canute.

30. Edmond

30. Edmond Ironſide murder'd by Edrick the traitor, and reveng'd by Canute.

31. Gunilda, daughter to king Canute and Emma, Wife to Henry the third Emperor, accus'd of inchaſtity, is defended by her Engliſh page in combat againſt a giant-like adverſary; who by him at two blows is ſlain, &c. Speed in the Life of Canute.

32. Hardiknute dying in his cups, an example to riot.

33. Edward Confeſſor's divorceing and impriſoning his noble wife Editha, Godwin's daughter; wherein is ſhowed his over-affection to ſtrangers the cauſe of Godwin's inſurrection, wherein Godwin's forbearance of battel prais'd, and the Engliſh moderation on both ſides magnified. His ſlackneſs to redreſs the corrupt Clergy, and ſuperſtitious pretence of chaſtity.

ABRAM from MOREA, or ISAAC redeem'd.

The Oeconomy may be thus. The fifth or ſixth day after Abraham's departure, Eleazer Abram's ſteward, firſt alone, and then with the Chorus, diſcourſe of Abraham's ſtrange voyage, their miſtreſs' ſorrow and perplexity accompanied with frightful dreams; and tell the manner of his riſing by night, taking his ſervants and his ſon with him. Next may come forth Sarah herſelf; after the Chorus, or Iſmael, or Agar; next ſome ſhepherd or company of merchants paſſing through the mount in the time that Abram was in the midwork, relate to Sarah what they ſaw. Hence lamentation, fears, wonders; the matter in the mean while

while divulg'd. Aner or Eſchcol, or Mamre Abram's confederates come to the houſe of Abram to be more certain, or to bring news; in the mean while diſcourſing as the world would, of ſuch an action divers ways, bewailing the fate of ſo noble a man faln from his reputation, either through divine juſtice, or ſuperſtition, or coveting to do ſome notable act through zeal. At length a ſervant ſent from Abram relates the truth; and laſt he himſelf comes with a great train of Melchizedec, whoſe ſhepherds being ſecret eye-witneſſes of all paſſages had related to their maſter, and he conducted his friend Abraham home with joy.

BAPTISTES.

The Scene, the Court.

Beginning from the morning of Herod's birth-day.

Herod by ſome Counſellor perſuaded * on his birthday to releaſe John Baptiſt, purpoſes it, cauſes him to be ſent for to the court from priſon. The Queen hears of it, takes occaſion to paſs where he is, on purpoſe, that under pretence of reconciling to him, or ſeeking to draw a kind retraction from him of his cenſure on the marriage; to which end ſhe ſends a courtier before to ſound whether he might be perſuaded to mitigate his

* Or elſe the Queen may plot under pretence of begging for his liberty, to ſeek to draw him into a ſnare by his freedom of ſpeech.

ſentence,

ſentence, which not finding, ſhe herſelf craftily aſſays, and on his conſtancy founds an accuſation to Herod of a contumacious affront on ſuch a day before many peers, prepares the king to ſome paſſion, and at laſt by her daughter's dancing effects it. There may prologize the Spirit of Philip, Herod's brother. It may alſo be thought, that Herod had well bedew'd himſelf with wine, which made him grant the eaſier to his wife's daughter. Some of his diſciples alſo, as to congratulate his liberty, may be brought in, with whom after certain command of his death many compaſſioning words of his diſciples, bewailing his youth cut off in his glorious courſe, he telling them his work is done, and wiſhing them to follow Chriſt his maſter.

SODOM.

The title, Cupid's funeral pile. Sodom burning.

The Scene before Lot's gate.

The Chorus conſiſts of Lot's ſhepherds come to the city about ſome affairs await in the evening their maſter's return from his evening walk toward the city-gates. He brings with him two young men or youths of noble form. After likely diſcourſes prepares for their entertainment. By then ſupper is ended, the gallantry of the town paſs by in proceſſion with muſic and ſong to the temple of Venus Urania or Peor, and underſtanding of two noble ſtrangers arriv'd, they ſend two of their choiceſt youth with the prieſt to invite *them* to their city ſolemnities, it being an honour that their

their city had decreed to all fair perſonages, as being ſacred to their Goddeſs. The Angels being aſkt by the prieſt whence they are, ſay they are of Salem; the prieſt inveighs againſt the ſtrict reign of Melchizedec. Lot, that knows their drift, anſwers thwartly at laſt, of which notice given to the whole aſſembly, they haſten thither, tax him of preſumption, ſingularity, breach of city-cuſtoms; in fine, after violence, the Chorus of ſhepherds prepare reſiſtance in their maſter's defenſe, calling the reſt of the ſerviture; but being forc'd to give back, the Angels open the door, reſcue Lot, diſcover themſelves, warn him to gather his friends and ſons in law out of the city. He goes and returns, as having met with ſome incredulous. Some other friend or ſon in law out of the way, when Lot came to his houſe, overtakes him to know his buſineſs. Here is diſputed of incredulity of divine judgments, and ſuch like matter: at laſt is deſcribed the parting from the city; the Chorus depart with their maſter; the Angels do the deed with all dreadful execution; the King and Nobles of the city may come forth, and ſerve to ſet out the terror; a Chorus of Angels concluding, and the Angels relating the event of Lot's journey and of his wife. The firſt Chorus beginning, may relate the courſe of the city each evening every one with miſtreſs or Ganymed, gitterning along the ſtreets, or ſolacing on the banks of Jordan, or down the ſtream. At the prieſt's inviting the Angels to the ſolemnity, the Angels pitying their beauty may diſpute of love, and how it differs from luſt, ſeeking to win

them

them. In the laſt ſcene, to the King and Nobles, when the fierce thunders begin aloft, the Angel appears all girt with flames, which he ſaith are the flames of true love, and tells the King, who falls down with terror, his juſt ſuffering, as alſo Athane's, i. e. Gener, Lot's ſon in law, for deſpiſing the continual admonitions of Lot: then calling to the thunders, lightnings, and fires, he bids them hear the call and command of God to come and deſtroy a godleſs nation: he brings them down with ſome ſhort warning to other nations to take heed.

Chriſt born.
Herod maſſacring, or Rachel weeping, Matt. 2.
Chriſt bound.
Chriſt crucified.
Chriſt riſen.
Lazarus. Joan. 11.

ADAM UNPARADIS'D.

The Angel Gabriel either deſcending or entring, ſhowing ſince this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth, as in Heaven: deſcribes Paradiſe. Next the Chorus ſhewing the reaſon of his coming to keep his watch in Paradiſe after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God, and withal expreſſing his deſire to ſee and know more concerning this excellent new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name ſignifying a prince of power, tracing Paradiſe with a more

more free office, paſſes by the ſtation of the Chorus, and deſired by them relates what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this Lucifer appears after his overthrow, bemoans himſelf, ſeeks revenge on Man. The Chorus prepare reſiſtance at his firſt approach. At laſt, after diſcourſe of enmity on either ſide, he departs; whereat the Chorus ſings of the battel, and victory in Heaven againſt him and his accomplices; as before, after the firſt Act, was ſung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer relating and inſulting in what he had done to the deſtruction of Man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been ſeduc'd by the ſerpent appears confuſedly cover'd with leaves. Conſcience in a ſhape accuſes him, Juſtice cites him to the place whither Jehovah call'd for him. In the mean while the Chorus entertains the ſtage, and is informed by ſome Angel the manner of his fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam then and Eve return, accuſe one another, but eſpecially Adam lays the blame to his wife, is ſtubborn in his offenſe. Juſtice appears; reaſons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admoniſheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The Angel is ſent to baniſh them out of Paradiſe; but before cauſes to paſs before his eyes in ſhapes a Maſk of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, deſpairs; at laſt appears Mercy, comforts him, promiſes the Meſſiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; inſtructs him; he repents, gives God the glory, ſubmits

to

to his penalty: The Chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught.

Scotch ſtories, or rather Britiſh of the North parts.

ATHRICO ſlain by Natholochus, whoſe daughter he had raviſht, and this Natholochus uſurping thereon the kingdom, ſeeks to ſlay the kindred of Athrico, who ſcape him and conſpire againſt him. He ſends to a witch to know the event. The witch tells the meſſenger, that he is the man ſhall ſlay Natholochus: he deteſts it, but in his Journey home changes his mind, and performs it. Scotch Chron. Engliſh, p. 68, 69.

DUFFEE and DONWALD, a ſtrange ſtory of witchcraft, and murder diſcover'd and reveng'd. Scotch Story, 149, *&c.*

HAIE, the Plowman, who with his two ſons that were at plough running to the battel that was between the Scots and Danes in the next field, ſtaid the flight of his countrymen, renew'd the battel, and caus'd the victory, *&c.* Scotch Story, p. 155.

KENNETH, who having privily poiſon'd Malcolm Duffee, that his own ſon might ſucceed, is ſlain by Fenella. Scotch Hiſt. p. 157, 158, *&c.*

MACBETH, beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Mackduffe. The matter of Duncan may be expreſs'd by the appearing of his ghoſt.

MOABITIDES or PHINEAS.

The Epitaſis whereof may lie in the contention, firſt *between* the father of Zimri and Eleazer, whether he [ought]

[ought] to have ſlain his ſon without law. Next, the embaſſadors of the Moabites expoſtulating about Coſbi a ſtranger and a noble woman ſlain by Phineas. It may be argued about reformation and puniſhment illegal, and, as it were by tumult, after all arguments driven home, then the word of the Lord may be brought, acquitting and approving Phineas.

Christus Patiens.

The ſcene in the garden beginning from the coming thither till Judas betrays, and the officers lead him away. The reſt by meſſage and Chorus. His agony may receive noble expreſſions.

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